

"S'MATTER, POP?"

By C. M. Payne

Lucile the Waitress

By BIDE DUDLEY

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"TRAINS are great things, ain't they, kid?" asked Lucile, the waitress, as she waited for the newspaper man's order.

"What made you think of trains?" he asked.

"I was out joyriding yesterday in one of those Neverbreak autos. Some adventure!"

"Yes?"

"Yes, indeed! A fellow I used to know in Hoboken comes in here and, after diluting himself with ham and eggs, tells me as how he has prospered and bought himself an auto. 'I got it outside now,' he says.

"I think he's doing a little too much bragadoole, so I ask him why he didn't bring it in. He frowns. 'I know!' he says. 'You think it's a fiver. I'd like to demonstrate its good qualities to you. Got time to make a ride to Bayport?'"

"It just happens that I'm off yesterday P. M., so I look him over and tell him yes and away we go.

"This car," he says, "seldom breaks down. It will climb a hill like a shot out of Helena, Montana."

"I keep my quitude and silence and let him rave. It's a bad onion, kid, when you brag about things not happening for they will happen just as sure as Moses did the one-step on the Mount. Pretty soon we hear a 'whoove' noise and Old Neverbreak comes to statute quota.

"Just a little effulgence of the different rental gear," says my associate. "Don't get out."

"All right," I say. "I'll try not to. I was wondering, kid, if I hadn't better get out while I was all in one piece and could do so on my own power. However, I sit still and he tinkers about like a lost soul. Pretty soon he says the car's all right and we start again. My friend grins and says, 'See? Just then I hear a 'ker-dap' noise and the old boat starts for a fence. He stops her just in time to chat you newspaper guys out of a lot of space money."

"Just wanted to see if you'd holler at danger," he says. "Wonderful car! I'll get out and give her some oil."

"He touches a spring somewhere and Old Neverbreak says, 'whoepiffo!'"

"A few grains of sand in her craw," says Hoboken. "Excessive speed causes it."

"Why don't you name her The Ostrich?" I ask jocularly.

"Very funny!" says he. Then he muses around ten minutes. Finally we're off again. We persevere about half a mile, and Old Neverbreak gives a 'hee haw' and the back begins to sink. We stop.

"My goodness!" says the Hoboken Hero. "If I didn't forget to put the nuts back on the wheels. Just think, my dear, this car has travelled fifteen miles with nothing to hold her back wheels on! How's that for a real car?"

"One of the wheels was lying by the side of the road. 'Wonderful!' I say. 'But when you forget to put those nuts on you should a'done so tighter. A railroad station looms up in the scenery and I get imbued with an idea. 'I'll go to that station while you give the auto a slight refrigeration to get her all hunky dory,' I tell him."

"Good idea!" he says. "Then we'll show those Bayport ginks some speed."

"That's the flims of 'The Exploits of Lucile.' Now you know the prerogative of my meaning when I dilate on the splendor of trains. What are you going to eat?"

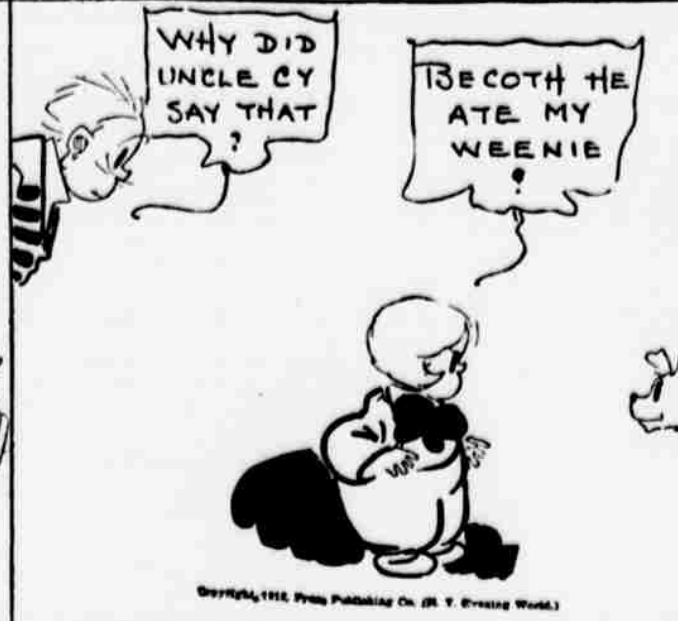
"What's good?" asked the newspaper man.

"Why not try some tomato soup, kid?" asked Lucile. "You ain't got any whiskers to deceive it."

No Occasion for Hunger.

AN English town council, after a protracted sitting, was desirous of adjourning for lunch.

The proposition was opposed by the



HENRY HASENPFEFFER—For Once He Agrees With His Wife!

By Bud Counihan



FLOOEY AND AXEL—Sham Battles Are Plenty Good Enough for Axel!

By Vic



Mayor, who thought that if his fellow officeholders felt the stimulus of hunger the dispatch of business would be much facilitated. At last a rather illiterate member got up and explained.

"I am astonished, I am surprised, I am amazed, Mr. Mayor, that you will not let us go to lunch."

"And I am surprised," replied the Mayor, "that a man who has got so much 'ham' in his mouth should want any lunch at all."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Comfort Not Considered.

THERE is a deputy marshal in Mississippi who does not permit any such trifles as extradition laws to stop him in the performance of his duties.

When a certain term of court was about to begin a man who was out on bail was reported to be enjoying himself over in Georgia. The deputy marshal went after him. The next day he telegraphed the Judge:

"I have persuaded him to come." A few days later he rode into town on a mule, leading his prisoner tied

up snugly with a clothes line. The prisoner looked as if he had seen hard service.

"Why, Jim," said the Judge, "you didn't make him walk all the way from Georgia?"

"No, sir. Part of the way I drug him, and when we came to the Tallapoosa River he swam."—Harper's.

Cash Was Scarce.

A WEALTHY farmer who had been consulting a local lawyer about some knotty point, received satisfactory advice and then rose to leave the office.

"By the way," he asked, "what is your fee?"

"Oh—er—say six and eightpence," replied the young solicitor.

The farmer handed over a pound note and waited for the change.

The lawyer felt in pocket after pocket. Then he searched his desk with a pale face. Finally he ran through his pockets again, and then slowly drew forward a huge volume, which he had already consulted, to him.

"Er—I am afraid that I'll have to give you more advice, sir!" he said politely.—Answers.

THE EVENING WORLD'S Kiddie Klub Korner CONDUCTED BY ELEANOR SCHORER

COUSIN ELEANOR'S "KLUB COLUMN"

LITTLE Cousins of Mine:
Many and many a one of you asks whether I allow color to be used on the drawings for the contest. You may use color, either water color or crayon, if you wish. But drawings do print better if they are done in ink only.

I must ask you again to try and make your pictures in proportion with the box in which the honorable mention award winners' drawings are now appearing.

A cousin signing F. V. B. sends original drawings to me with a request to say whether or not I would advise taking up the study of art.

Under no circumstances would I presume to advise on such a matter. I am sorry, F. V. B., but you will have to decide for yourself.

LETTERS FROM KIDDIES.

My Dear Miss Schorer:
I am twelve years of age and I am writing to you about the contest for the Kiddie Klub. I am very much interested in your club and I am going to try to win a prize.

I am for the thousand Kiddie members; I am for the interest that they take in the contest; I am for the drawings that we make; I am for the fun that we have in making them.

I am for the Kiddie Klub; I am for the fun that we have in making them; I am for the interest that they take in the contest; I am for the drawings that we make; I am for the fun that we have in making them.

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The King of the Woods Came Out From Behind a Tree.

SLEEPYLAND STORIES

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Pascal Dascal Was Punished for Twisting Poor Mimpy's Tail.

TIMMY ran away from home one day, down the road and down the lane, and he did not stop until he was deep in the woods. He was just wondering what he would do when he heard a sharp bark and looked around and there was Mimpy, the fox terrier, trying to scare a squirrel out of a tree. Then the King of the Woods came out from behind a tree.

But he went with the King down to the Doctor's boat house and did not bother the squirrel any more. They found that the tide was not quite high enough for a good swim, so they sat down on the top of the hill and waited. And Downy Dim and Pascal Dascal the Bascals came down and played mumble-jump with them.

By and by Pascal Dascal the Bascals began to play roughly with poor little Mimpy. He pinched her foot and pulled her ears and twisted her tail. Mimpy was a well-bred little dog, and she did not like Pascal as a common dog would have done, but she cried. That made Pascal Dascal laugh. The King of the Woods told him to be

"Would you like to go for a swim?" asked the King.
"No, thank you, King," said Timmy. "I'm going to stay here and throw stones at the squirrel and maybe he will come down the tree and Mimpy can catch him."
"But that would be cruel," said the King. "Little boys ought not to hurt the little creatures that live in the woods. They are not doing any harm like the hawk or the weasel. It is a bad thing to be cruel."
"It's fun to throw stones," said Timmy. "I like to throw stones."
"How would you like it if some one threw stones at you?" asked the King.
"Oh, that would be different," said Timmy.

Mimpy alone, but he only laughed and teased her more.
So the King clapped his hands, and out came Dick and Ben, the King's strong men. The King said: "Take away that cruel boy." And Dick and Ben took Pascal away and tied him to a tree. He howled but that did him no good, and he had to stay there and see the other boys swimming with the King and playing in the water. And Timmy made up his mind that he would never be cruel again.

MAY PICTURE CONTEST—HONORABLE MENTION

Class C, Clifton Maynard, age eleven, No. 137 Ocean Avenue, Jersey City.



HOW TO BECOME A 'KIDDIE KLUB' MEMBER

PIN COUPON NO. **23**
EVENING WORLD "KIDDIE KLUB"

Save six pin coupons like the one above, printed in the Kiddie Klub Korner Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. The numbers will be printed in rotation. You may start with any number. When you have six coupons numbered in rotation, like 23-24-25-26-27-28, send them to the Kiddie Klub, Evening World, No. 61 Park Row, New York City, with a note, in which you must state—

YOUR NAME,
YOUR AGE,
YOUR ADDRESS.

You must be careful to state these three things, as no application will be considered unless this information is COMPLETE.

If your note and coupons meet the above conditions, upon receipt of them we will mail you your pin and a certificate of membership.

THIS IS THE KIDDIE KLUB PIN. Every kiddie who joins the Klub will receive a silver colored pin like the one shown in this picture.

THE DAY YOU BORROWED ONE OF YOUR MOTHER'S SHEETS

WHEN YOU WERE A BOY

By Jack Callahan

WHAT WERE YOU GOIN' TO DO WITH THIS SHEET YOUNG MAN AND WHO GAVE YOU PERMISSION TO TAKE IT?

WE WUZ GOIN' TO PLAY THEATRE MOM, AN' WE WUZ GOIN' TO USE IT FOR A CURTAIN.

I SUPPOSE IF YOU WAS GOIN' TO FIRE, YOU'D BURN UP THE HOUSE, WOULDN'T CHA?

AN' IF YOU WAS PLAYIN' COACHMAN YOU'D TAKE POP'S HIGH HAT!!!

PERHAPS HE INTENDS TO TAKE A COURSE IN DOMESTIC SCIENCE AND LEARN TO MAKE BEDS.

HE WANTED TO BE A SPOOK AN' SCARE ME!

